

Husbands at Home.

A RACY SKETCH FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Patsey Spangle, a charming correspondent of the Louisville Courier, addresses the following to "Yuba Dam," another correspondent of that paper.—There are many ladies, we dare say, who think with Mrs. Spangle, if they do not speak out. To all such this letter will prove a great treat:

I first met Spangle at a country fair. We were introduced to each other about ten o'clock in the morning, and if you will believe me, I did not get a chance to speak to any other gentleman that day. I never saw a fellow so struck at first sight. I don't think he saw a horse, or in fact anything that was on exhibition that day but me, although there were present many of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies of that section of the country. As he was extremely good looking, of good family, and of unexceptionable habits and character, I, of course, felt flattered by his marked preference. I had to take him to dinner, and introduce him to pa and ma and the whole family. He made a good impression. In fact Spangle can shine when he tries. I remember the fact with pride. Well, it is the old story. He became infatuated, and obtained my permission to visit me at my home and spend a day there in just two weeks from the day we met. During these two weeks I received daily long letters from Simon, closely written and cross-written. (I wish I had kept them.) At length the day of his visit arrived, and lo and behold, the servant girl awoke me in the morning with the pleasant information that Spangle was waiting for me in the parlor. Here was a lover for you.

Well, well. As I said before, it was the old story over recurring, over sweetly told, and ever listened to by willing ears. Suffice it to say that from that day I saw no peace until I became Mrs. Spangle. Our honeymoon was, I suppose, like all honeymoons, short and delicious.

And then came the realities of life. It is my belief that this is the most trying period of a woman's life. However kind and attentive her husband may be, a young wife, when she enters upon the actualities of life, has disclosed to her a state of facts of which she has little or no conception before marriage. When she leaves an atmosphere of romance and adulation and enters upon the realities of life, it is like stepping out of a garden of summer flowers into the regions of perpetual winter, and unless she brings all her good sense and philosophy to her aid, her affections will become chilled, and she will regard herself a disappointed, if not a deceived, woman for the balance of her life. It is the hope that our experience may be of benefit to young wives that induces me to reveal some of the domestic incidents and infelicities of twelve years of married life.

After our brief holiday, Spangle—to use his own expression—took a tilt at the world, determined to wrest from it not only a competence, but a fortune that would place me in the most beneficent attitude to be obtained by opulence.

The dear fellow did work hard, and if he met with obstacles, and difficulties, and trials, the world never knew it. He reserved them for his fireside, and although he did not accuse me as the cause, yet he recounted them in a tone and manner so different from the joyous and buoyant language of courtship, that I could but feel I was in some way or other accountable for his troubles. Although I never seriously doubted his love for me, yet he certainly permitted many excellent opportunities for manifesting it to pass unimproved. Before we were married, he seemed to have a perfect mania for holding my hand, and I used to wonder if he would ever give me the opportunity to do any needle-work after marriage. But, bless your soul! after marriage, when opportunities for indulging in that delicious pastime were abundant, it seemed to have lost its charm. Poor, foolish me! I was often aggrieved at his apparent coolness, and would ask him twenty times a day if he did not love me. "Why, certainly I do, my dear little puss; I thought you knew it." Yes, he thought I knew it! Perhaps I did. I also knew that we had plenty of flour and bacon in the pantry, but that knowledge did not satisfy my hunger.

It is true that this affection manifested itself sporadically with all the warmth and ardor of the old days; but these ebullitions were the exceptions. The rule was, "I thought you knew it." Yes, girls, when you get husbands they will expect you to know it, and my advice to you is, that you get all the courting you want before you are married, for after that event what little courting is done in the family will have to be done by the wife.

We have six children, all beautiful and good. Spangle takes a great pride in them, loves them, and grows at them like a dear old bear. You must not think that Spangle regards the "new comers" as burdens. Quite the reverse. He goes into ecstasies over each one; dilates upon its beauties and perfections for five minutes, and then seems to think it ought to be laid away to grow up, and be no further trouble to him until they want to marry. If one of them has the colic and cries at night, Spangle thinks that the pain is a special hardship to him, because it keeps him awake a few minutes. The fact is undeniable that the best men are selfish brutes so far as babies are concerned.

I will say, though, that of all the children I have, Spangle is the biggest baby. 'Tis true he was through most of the ailments I have enumerated before I got him, but in a thousand other respects he is still, and always will remain in that chronic state of babyhood which ever attends over-indulged and spoiled husbands. When we were first married my old baby would almost break his back to pick up my fan and he would kill a fly in a minute if the fly manifested any disposition to alight on my nose.

Now I have to almost literally dress him in the morning. I have to get his boots together, one of which he generally kicks under the bureau, the other under the bed. I always have to find his cravat. If I go to bed first, in the morning I find

his clothes scattered over the room as never you can scatter clothes. He would spread out a clean shirt if it were not sleeve button, chair before him. His by me, when two taken out and put in. I do not believe out and put in at all. head since we wore combed his own even wash his face properly. He can't told, like any other child, without being wash him, his ears and that I did not neck would be a sight to behold of his. Albeit he has no patience.

Who have pains and aches, yet yearners to see him when anything is the night with him. He tears, and groans, at grants over a slight attack of colic in a manner to keep every one awake in the house. At such times he always believes he is going to die, and will not suffer me to leave him for a moment.

Yet with all his faults I—well, you know the quotation. I believe he is the best man living, and I would not give him for a ten acre lot full of men like the scapegrace of a husband which your foolish, credulous correspondent "Dolly Dash" is so silly about.

**Another Pious Rascal.**

A false prophet has lately been unearthed in St. Joseph, Mo., with a history replete in thrilling interest. J. N. McHenry came to Ridgely, Platte County, about one year ago, from Iowa. It is supposed that he is originally from Ohio, but his early career is unknown. At Ridgely he started a school, and met with success; he was at the head of all reforms, and particularly interested in the subject of temperance; he formed a large temperance society, and by his own individual efforts had an enactment passed by the authorities of the town, prohibiting the sale of alcoholic drinks within its limits. From the first he was a constant attendant on divine service, and in a few months he became a communicant of the Methodist Church; his zeal was unbounded, and his advancement was rapid; soon he was appointed pastor of the flock, and was looked upon by all as the very personification of virtue and holiness.

As a matter of course this pious man was freely admitted into the first circles of society; in fact a friendly rivalry for his favor sprang up in the community. To one house, however, were his visits especially directed, to the residence of a much respected and comfortably provided widow lady, who lived in retirement with her only daughter—a young girl just budding into womanhood. His suit was a warm one, and his attentions were received with satisfaction; her love was soon gained, and her mother was but too happy to condescend to the future welfare of her daughter to the care of her beloved pastor; the marriage was forthwith consummated, and the newly wedded pair took up their residence with the mother.

During the honeymoon, McHenry brought his bride to St. Joseph on a visit to her relatives, where his hypocrisy and wickedness were first manifested. He deserted his wife and sought the society of publicans and sinners; he was found by the police in the company of harlots, and in a state of extreme intoxication. His wife was mortified and grieved beyond measure at this exhibition of the true character of her liege lord, and contemplated an immediate separation. The husband, however, professed the most deep repentance, and pleaded that it was his first offence, and was pardoned.

Satiated with his triumph at Ridgely, he painted for a new field of action. Under plea that he, being known as a Union soldier, was obnoxious to the rebels of Platte, he persuaded his wife and mother-in-law to go with him to Watbena, Kansas. There he established a flourishing school, and his wife soon regained full confidence in his worth.

During the latter part of September last he borrowed all the money in the possession of his wife and her mother, and left home, as he stated, on a business visit to Ridgely. Since then he has neither been seen nor heard of.

From circumstantial evidence, his old associates are convinced that he is a villain of more than ordinary baseness, and are anxious to obtain information of his whereabouts and former life, in order to bring him to the punishment he deserves. They are confident that he has several wives now living in other places.

**Horrible Occurrences.**

Never in our experience as journalists has it been our duty to chronicle an occurrence more horrid in its details than the one we are about to relate.

The sad affair that left a widowed mother childless, and for the time being almost bereft of reason, happened about the 16th ult., in the adjoining county of Allen, a short distance from Warren Co. line, and in the vicinity of Anthony's Mill. The heart-rendering details, as related to us by persons of unquestionable veracity, are about these: Some two months since Mrs. Blankenship, a lady of respectability, lost her husband by disease, and was left with three children, two interesting boys and a little infant girl, just large enough to walk alone and beguile the lonely hours of the mother with its innocent prattle. On the 16th ult., the mother, Mrs. Blankenship, for the purpose of washing clothes, repaired to the spring branch near the house in the locality referred to, taking her three children with her, the house dog following behind. She had been engaged in washing but a short time when the dog was heard barking incessantly on the hill near by. Thinking that the dog had possibly treed a raccoon or had a rabbit at bay, the two little boys proposed going at once to secure the game. With the mother's consent the little fellows started off in high glee.—Alas! better had they never been born. On reaching the spot where the dog was barking, they saw a short distance from the dog a large object coiled at the foot of a stump, in a hostile attitude, keeping the dog at bay. They looked but a moment. Eager only to capture the supposed game and not thinking of danger, nor knowing the nature of the prey, they approached the hideous monster that in fatality of attack "outvenomed all the worms of Nile." The oldest of the two boys approached first; with his little hands outstretched and his face aglow at the prospect of his prize, he said, "I'll get him, brother!" One step more and he rushed to a death more terrible and speedy than were the tortures of fabled Lacedaemon.

With one dart of his forked tongue, with one death-rattle of his tail, the huge rattlesnake—for it was nothing less—drew back his scaly folds and with one dart forward planted his envenomed fangs in the flesh of the boy, and left the deadly poison coursing hot through his young veins. Again and again was the boy bitten by the fatal reptile till he fell exhausted in the coils of the monster.

The other little fellow rushed forward to the relief of his little brother, and he also received the deadly fangs of the serpent in several places. The screams of the boys alarmed the mother, who was still washing at the branch, and leaving her baby girl she ran frantically to the spot. What a sight there met her gaze! bitter, with poison, swollen, black, and was all many places, one of her boys from the very dead and the other dying from the awful cause. The snake had crawled away. The living boy lived just long enough to tell the circumstances of their death. "To tell the circumstances of their death," overwhelmed with an can feel, she remained with her mothers alone short time, when she thought her of her little girl at the branch and hurried back.

On reaching the spot, however, as it may seem, she found that the girl had walked to the wash-tub, into which she had fallen head foremost and "drowned," and it too was gone." The mother's cup of misery was full; not another drop could be added. Bereft of children, and almost of reason, she sank under the accumulated horrors of the hour. Assistance was procured the heart-crushed woman, and the remains of her little nestlings were taken charge of and cared for. A short time after a large rattlesnake, with thirteen rattles, was killed near the spot where the boys were bitten. The event created a profound sensation in the community, and has scarcely a parallel even in the exciting annals of our early and hardy pioneers.—Bowling Green (Ky.) Democrat.

**Outside of the Constitution.**

If, as Thaddeus Stevens, a Jacobin leader, says, and as all Jacobins believe, the Government of the United States is acting outside of the Constitution, what legal obligation is there upon any one to obey its behests, to sustain it in its usurpations or to defend it in its acts of despotism? There is not any obligation whatever, we dare say, and we challenge contradiction of the principle that outside of the Constitution there is no legitimate Government, nor any other but a *de facto* Government, which every one is left to his own conscience to obey or sustain, or not, as he prefers.

Let us illustrate. A government outside of the Constitution undertakes to impose onerous burdens on the people to enable its supporters to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-citizens. Are these citizens bound by any obligation of morality or law to pay these burdens, to submit to these exactions? We say not. And why? Because taxes, to be a moral obligation on the persons taxed, must be imposed by competent authority, not merely by despotic power. This despotic power might enforce the collection of the tax, but this enforcement does not change the obligation of the citizen nor make him the more liable, morally or legally, than he was before. Whatever right the Government has morally or legally, is derived from its constitutional existence and its constitutional investiture. The Federal Government is a constitutional government, or it is nothing. As a constitutional government it has constitutional rights and is subject to constitutional duties, but the moment it says, either by act of Congress or by Executive act, that it will not confine itself to the exercise of faculties given it by the Constitution, but go outside of it and beyond it to do its own will, it becomes both a usurper of unauthorized power and a despot in the exercise of such power, and cannot lay moral or legal claim to obedience, submission, support or subjection.

If we are living as a people, in our relations to Government, outside of the Constitution, and in making returns of income or besides, we answer to these returns, are we obliged to swear truly to a Government which exists outside of the Constitution? Or, rather, what right has such a government to impose on us the obligation of taking an oath under any circumstances; and if it does so impose upon us, against our will, and without being vested with the right by us to do it, are we obliged in conscience to comply with its exactions? We say not. Hence it is no crime to deceive the Government, if, as it assumes by the mouth of its administrators and legislators, it acts outside of the Constitution. To put it plainly—the Government becomes a usurper, despot and tyrant, it is no crime to disobey and deceive it; but, on the contrary it might be a meritorious duty in the citizen to weaken it even by deception.

We have not examined the public lists for these doctrines, nor do we need to do so. There is no necessity of referring to books of authority for what it is the right of man to do who is waylaid by robbers. Now, if the Government becomes a robber, either of one's property or of his rights, the relation of the citizen towards it under these circumstances is analogous to that of the individual to the highwayman. Precisely so; Governments, no more than highwaymen, have the right to be unjust, the right to go beyond the restraints of law with impunity, the right to do that which it is forbidden to do by its creators.

Outside of the Constitution of the United States there is no government except of the individual States to which the people owe allegiance or fealty. Partisans may, if they will acknowledge, try and sustain a Government instead of the Constitution, but this does not bind others to follow their example, nor impose upon others the performance of duties to this Government. On the contrary, those who do not favor the usurpation have the better right to withhold their allegiance, and, if they can, to restore the deposed Government, and subject to its restraints all those who would traitorously overthrow and supersede it by usurpation.

—Pride cannot bear reproof, but humility bows before it.

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